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The Grave.

Pause, stranger, by the hillock green,
And leave a tear of sorrow here;
Beneath this sward there sleeps unseen
All that was once to honor dear.
He came in health and youthful pride,
To forge our chains—but, oh, forgive!
He fought, was stricken—here he died,
And here alone his memory lives.

All that was bright in youth he knew;
All that was noble, generous, brave;
All that was faithful, truthful, true;
Yet here he made his lonely grave!
He often spake of home and friends;
Of sisters, sire and mother kind,
As o'er the deep his heart would steal
To scenes he lov'd and left behind.

They came in visions to his heart,
And rapt his soul in bliss away,
To share in what he loved a part
And live once more in childhood's day!
But soon such fairy dreams depart,
And fond delusions fade away;
The chill of death is round his heart,
The fluttering spirit leaves its clay.

Pause, stranger! though no tears were shed,
By brothers, sisters, parents dear;
Yet many a heart with anguish bled,
And strangers gave the mourner's tear.
Worth called them forth—they freely flowed
And warmed this cold and silent tomb,
And when the spring's mild zephyrs blowed
These flow'rets grew and here they bloom.

Oh, grave! thou sacred, lonely bed,
Could all the tears upon thee shed
Be gathered; what a sea of woe
Would spread its dark waves here below!
Yes, thou has deluged long the earth
With fond affection's warmest tears;
They've flowed from nature's earliest birth,
Will flow till nature sinks in years.

TERRIBLY DECIDED.

"Oh! Sara, you are too absurd." And pretty Grace Ashleigh laughs her pleasantest laugh. "The idea of loving two men at once, and not knowing which to choose! I don't believe you at all."

"Believe or not, Grace, just as you please," is the soft, serious voiced answer.

Those wonderful, deep, hazel eyes of Sara Prescott's turn all their subdued richness of color toward her friend whilst she speaks, and every feature of her beautiful oval face wears an impress of earnest meaning.

"It is true, Grace," she whispers; "true, true, true! There are moments when I feel confident that Ralph Curtis, with his dark, Southern looking beauty, and his impulsive, reckless ways, is by far dearer to me. But a visit from blonde haired, blue eyed Walter Crosbie changes everything. I am just tossed about in spirit from one to the other. Each seems to touch, with me, a separate chord of congeniality. I don't know how it will end. Here they have both been lingering along at the hotel, Grace, paying me daily visits since the first of July."

"Perhaps," suggests Grace, after a little silence, while they walked along through the twilit paths of the great lawn which compasses the luxurious summer house where Sara Prescott lives—"perhaps you will end by hating them both, Sara?"

"I cannot tell. And yet that seems impossible."

"Very well," answered Grace; "I must ask you to have my carriage ordered round now, Sara, notwithstanding that I should like to remain and help to counsel you in your troubles; but please remember that I have seven miles to drive, and that mamma makes a perfect Rachel of herself if I stay out after dark."

So Grace presently takes her departure, and Sara is left to hold converse with her own thoughts, while she begins a second, and this time a wholly solitary, stroll among the stately shrubberied lawns.

Very gloomy and miserable those thoughts are. She recalls, with a sense of shrinking fear, how intense a passion for her has recently grown to possess both Ralph Curtis and Walter Crosbie—how each has become almost aggressive, of late, in his fierce request for some final answer to his eager hopes, and how the more that either pleads the more absolute and complete has been her indecision, her doubt, her perplexity.

No, she cannot make up her mind. Allow that she is mentally a monstrosity of womanhood; allow that nobody has ever been precisely in her unsettled condition; the fact exists, all the same, that she loves two men at once, and has no power to choose between them.

Suppose they should have some deadly quarrel on her account. Nothing is more possible. They have grown to hate each other; of that fact Sara feels quite sure. They are living at the same hotel, and are constantly thrown together. Sara shudders now when she remembers what evidence she has had of how fierce a nature each possesses. Oh, why cannot she be like other women? Why must she suffer so keenly from what seems nothing but her own gross stupidity and silly irresolution. Just at this stage of Sara's thoughts, the sound of a footstep directly behind her meets the young girl's ear. She turns, and in the vague dark sees Walter Crosbie's tall, commanding figure, and fair, Saxon face. He begins speaking with brusque suddenness: "Sara—Miss Prescott—I have come to bid you good-bye."

She clasps both hands together in an abrupt burst of surprise.

"You cannot possibly mean it?"

"I do. I am tired of being played fast and loose with, from day to day."

"You are not going," she answers, calmly, after a little silence, and whilst they were walking on. "I know by your tone and your manner that it is only a *ruse*. You are not going until I give you a final answer."

"And for God's sake," Walter bursts forth, "when is that final answer coming? There are times, Sara Prescott, when I feel like believing that no more a heartless coquette than yourself ever drew breath, and that you care no more for me than you care for Ralph Curtis."

"Pardon me. I think that I heard my name mentioned."

No other than Ralph Curtis himself spake these words.

The vague half lights has now yielded to the brightening glimmer of a full, superb moon, whose silver globe hangs midway between horizon and zenith, beautifully pendant in the still, blue, breezeless sky.

Ralph Curtis, having just emerged from behind a dark barrier of tall, heavy shrubbery round which the road winds, stands facing Walter Crosbie and Sara, his black eyes and olive-brown countenance fully visible to them both. Under his dark moustache there plays a bitter, cynical smile.

Sara utters a little scream of dismay.

"How unexpected," she falters; and then there is a silence among the trio, which lasts until Walter Crosbie harshly breaks it.

"Very unexpected," he exclaims; "and yet, after all, scarcely inopportune. I for one am glad that it has occurred. It gives me, at least, the opportunity of asking you, in Mr. Curtis' presence, Miss Sara, how much longer you desire that this absurd masquerade shall continue. With whom—to make a sort of epigram out of the situation" (while he laughs a low discordant laugh)—"do you wish to walk home with, Mr. Curtis or myself?"

And then Ralph Curtis speaks promptly:

"Echo Mr. Crosbie's question."

Whereupon poor, weak Sara bursts into tears.

"Please go away," she murmurs, brokenly.

"I can walk home just as well alone by myself."

Silence.

This time it is a silence that Ralph Curtis ends.

"That is no answer, Miss Sara."

"Right," states Walter Crosbie, with stern emphasis. "It is no answer."

"I—I can't help it," laments Sara. "Please go—both of you."

Suddenly a fierce flash shoots from the nightlike eyes of Ralph.

"Let there be some decision," he cries, addressing Walter. "If Miss Prescott will not make it herself, it is for us to do so."

"I don't understand," replies Walter.

Ralph draws near him.

"I beg your pardon," he commences, speaking to Sara; and then there follows between the two men an inaudible whispered conference which she, who witnessed it, watches and wonders at. The conference continues for nearly five minutes; and at last Ralph Curtis turns toward Sara.

"Miss Prescott, Mr. Crosbie and I have formed a compact together. Do you see where yonder road emerges from those clumps of shrubbery?"

"Yes," answered the puzzled girl, in right puzzled tones.

"Very well. We desire you to wait here. We will disappear. When you next see either of us it will be as he advances toward you, doubtless at fullest running speed along the racecourse. One will in all probability win the race which we propose to run, but if it proves a neck-and-neck race, then—then"—

"Then," Walter Crosbie here breaks in, "you must walk home alone. Do you quite understand, Miss Sara? Think, for a moment, and I feel sure that further explanation will be useless."

"I—I—have thought," quivers Sara, "and—and—I think—I am sure, indeed—that I understand."

"Very well," exclaimed Walter. "Do you consent to such an arrangement, strange and wild as it seems? Reflect for a moment before replying."

Sara covers her face impulsively with both hands, and remains in this attitude for a brief while. Then she covers her face again with equal impulsiveness, and cries out, in tones almost fierce with intense excitement:

"I have reflected; and consent."

* * * * * * * *

Sara is standing quite alone now, in the clear, perfect moonlight. Around her gleam the shadowy lawns, broken with their great, dark masses of foliage. Her eyes are fixed intently upon that fragment of opposite road which its skirting shrubberies allow her to see. She is listening—listening with strained, anxious ear, and with every nerve on the *qui vive* of expectantcy.

Presently there is a sound, at what seems a considerable distance, of rapid, advancing feet. Sara's eyes fairly dilate, and her head stretches itself forward in the wild eagerness of her feelings.

The steps come nearer, nearer—heavy, decisive thuds of vigorous feet against hard, unyielding gravel.

And now, without a moment's warning, the steps cease. Then there is a man's wild, fierce cry; after that, what seems a second silence; and then the dreadful, crackling, unmistakable sound of a pistol.

Just for a brief space Sara stands as though frozen into stone. Then she rushes down the road, turns the corner made—so to speak—by the great shrubbery clusters, and darts on, on, with fleetest speed. A long, quivering, terrified moan leaves her lips, as she pauses at last by a dark, outstretched form.

"Walter—Walter Crosbie! for God's sake what has happened?"

No answer.

And she sees the ghostly upturned face, and the long, gory stream that oozes from its temple!

Not two yards distant there is another prone form. Sara staggers toward it.

Ralph Curtis' swarthy face gleams livid and ghastly, in the pale moonlight!

"His fault," he gasps—"all his fault! He stabbed me as I was passing him. Then I fired—not till then. God help you—poor Sara—poor Sara!"

These are the last words he ever spoke. And so the race has been run; and so death has won it.

His Autograph.

During one of the fairs in Paris, some years ago, Baron James de Rothschild was a patron. Chancing to pass a stand where some pretty young ladies were installed, he asked in a bantering tone: "Well, my dears, what can I do for you?" "Ah, baron," said one, "you can give us your autograph." "With pleasure," replied the gallant old baron, "if you preface it with an agreeable sentiment." So the young lady, without much ado, wrote on a dainty slip of paper: "I hereby give to——charity ten thousand francs," and the baron immediately signed his name in full, and smilingly paid the amount to the enterprising Parisian.

A Story from Mormondom.

The Corinne correspondent of the Salt Lake *Tribune* tells the following story: We have had quite a sensation. A short time ago a woman came walking into our city on the railroad track, who was observed to appear much exhausted, and finally she made her way to the door of one of our citizens, where her strength gave way entirely, but she had fallen into the hands of good Samaritans, who took her in and kindly cared for her. They found her in a most pitiable condition, her feet being frozen so that she could not wear her shoes and was carrying them in her hand, and walking barefoot over the frozen ground. As soon as she could tell her story, she revealed a state of facts showing the damning atrocities of Mormonism. She states that she was born in Louisville, Ky., and educated there. About twenty years ago the married one Richard Spottswood. At the time of her marriage her husband was a member of the Presbyterian church and she an Episcopalian. They had two children, both of whom are dead. At her father's death she inherited $7,000, which she gave to her husband. Some five years ago her husband joined the Mormons, she still retaining her original faith, but immigrated with him to Utah, where they had lived together ever since. Some time ago he concluded to live up to his privileges, and married a nineteen-year-old girl, but kept it a secret from his wife for about three months. When she found it out she rebelled, and created something of a commotion in the old fellow's camp. He then showed the effect of his Mormon teachings. He told her that she could have the privilege of his harem, bought with her money but if she left she should not have a cent; and, further, if she made any fuss about it, he would kill her, She, not willing to remain in a house of prostitution, and fearing for her life, picked up a small bundle of clothes and walked to this place, trading all the clothes she could spare for necessaries on her way through the Mormon settlements. She was intending to continue her way on foot to Virginia City, Nev., where she has a sister able to assist her. This is her story, which she told in an intelligent, straightforward manner.

The Digestive Organs.

Dr. Beaumont, a Canadian, had the good fortune to observe a singular case some years ago. His patient enabled physiologists, in fact, to formulate nearly all our existing knowledge of the processes of stomachal digestion. He was one Alexis St. Martin by name, and, luckily for science, he had a hole made in his stomach through the sudden discharge of a gun. Dr. Beaumont cured him so far that he recovered his health; but though the wound healed, the opening remained, and through it Dr. Beaumont was enabled to see the workings of a living human stomach in nearly all conceivable circumstances. Another case of the same sort—that of an Esthonian woman—came under the observation of Drs. Schroeser and Grunewaldt some four-and-twenty years ago, and vivisectors know how Blondiot and others artificially produced the same condition in dogs, and thereby gained a certain insight into the behavior of food in the ventral alombio of the tissues. It was found, for example, that in the fasting state the walls of the stomach appeared pale and flabby, and lay close together, whereupon some people erroneously concluded that the sensation of hunger was due to the rubbing of the coats of the stomach on each other. It was noted that whenever food was introduced the sides of the cavity reddened with the stimulated circulation, and its muscular activity was aroused. As Dr. Beaumont said, from observations made on Alexis St. Martin, the chewed food was churned in the stomach, and carried round and round the course of its curvatures. In this way it was triturated and exposed to the solvent action of the gastric juice which acted on the albuminous and gelatinous substances swallowed, until gradually a milky fluid, known as chyme, was elaborated. Thus was it found out that we take usually about four hours to digest a dinner; and it was also discovered that different kinds of food vary much in their digestibility—notable, for example, that fats and oil take a long time to digest when introduced into the stomach alone, but are much more easily got rid of by that organ if eaten with salad or vegetable matters.

A Productive Country.

Sicily was in early times notable for its extreme productiveness, and Italians hope that with all the restrictions on the importation of corn removed, and under an energetic government, a good time is coming—more especially if the brigand nuisance can be suppressed. Of the island's 6,000,000 acres, 3,500,000 are under wheat, about 1,500,000 in pasture, 680,000 in vineyards, olive yards, orchards and garden, and 170,000 in forest. The rest lies waste or is built on. The net rental is estimated at $13,000,000. The church and nobility are the principal owners. The agricultural population consists of yoemen, small farmers and peasants. Of late the condition of the latter has been greatly improved by the abolition of the sort of serfdom under which they labored and the rigid system of entail on large estates.

His Play.

A journalist, formerly of Chicago, but now of New York city, is afflicted with stammering, and also with the ambition to excel as a dramatic writer. A New York manager recently consented to hear him read a short farce, the sole condition being that the reading should not occupy more time than the manager did in smoking the cigar he had just lighted. Away they started, the one in no less hurry than the other, and the reading and smoking were concluded together. Of course, the question was immediately put: "What do you think of it?" "Well," replied the manager, "it is not a bad idea. Father, mother, lover, daughter, all stuttering, will have a novel effect." The journalist furiously exclaimed: "They d-d-don't st-st-stammer; it's only my misfortune." "Oh, then, it isn't funny at all. Sorry I can't accept it."

Remember the energetic and honest poor, for some day they may be rich.

The Nervous System.

Dr. Dupuy of London, in a lecture upon "The Recent Advances in the Physiology of the Brain and Nervous System," said:

The nervous system is not an immaterial thing; on the contrary, it is a living, tangible subject for study and experiment. Nerves are composed of two classes of structures—cells and fibers. Cells are found in the gray matter of the nervous centers, and also in some of the cranial nerves. These fibers and cells may be distinguished by the microscope. As the fiber leaves the cell it is coated with a substance which insulates it, and this coating is nothing more than a system of cells or bags. Nerves are divided into two classes, those of common and of special sensation. Nerves are also divided into those of sight, hearing, smelling, motion, etc. In addition there are the nerves which animate the blood vessels, making them expand or relax, thus regulating the blood supply. The real nature of the substance carried by the nerves has not yet been discovered. Some have argued that it is electricity, but this has been disproved by experiments which show that it has not the same nature. Electricity will travel over a wire which has been broken, provided the ends of the wire are joined, but if a nerve fiber has been broken, no communication takes place through it. Another proof that it is not allied to electricity is the difference in the speed of the two forces. Nerve force travels at the rate of only five hundred feet per second, while electricity has a much greater speed. Then, too, the effect upon the nerve is not instantly removed as soon as the force ceases to act. This is illustrated by the manner in which the effects of strong light are felt for some time after a flash of lightning has passed away.

Reflex action is an important part which the nerves play in their control of the body. It is stronger than the will. A man once undertook to swallow poison, but reflex action caused him to throw it up before it reached the stomach. The poison burned the œsophagus so badly that for some time after, no matter how much he wished to do so, he could not swallow food, reflex action being stronger than his will. An entrance was made into his stomach and food introduced, and every time this was done saliva collected in his mouth, exactly as if he were chewing food. The same principle is shown in one's endeavor to hold his breath. He may succeed in doing so for a few seconds, and even until the heart has apparently ceased to beat. Meanwhile the blood has become charged with carbonic acid gas from lack of oxygen. This causes the nerves to exert their power suddenly, as the gas is deadly poison to them, and the person is forced to breathe against his will by their violent action. The ability to recall past sensations and scenes is due to the principle that when an impression is made upon a nerve cell something is retained which is latent, exactly as heat is latent in iron or stone. When a man dreams he draws upon this supply.

He Found a Friend.

A relative of the well known comedian, William J. Florence, tells the following: Many years ago, while Florence was under an engagement at the Winter Garden Theater, New York, he invited a friend to dinner at a Broadway restaurant. Both were hungry and they ordered a plentiful supply of food. When their appetites were satisfied, Florence called for the bill, and to his utter dismay discovered that he had no money. In changing his clothing in the morning, he neglected to take the money from his discarded pantaloons. He told the friend of the fix he was in, and asked him for a loan. Mortified and chagrined, he answered that all he had was just sufficient to pay his fare home. Then the actor called the restaurant keeper and told him the truth about the money. The quickly excited man raved and stormed at Florence, saying that he had resolved not to be swindled by any one, and that he should send for the police.

At this time a short, stout old gentleman stepped up to the proprietor, and firmly said:

"How dare you speak to a gentleman in the way you have done? His mistake is a perfectly natural one, and such as might occur to any man. I am ashamed of you! I'll dine no more in your house, nor permit my friends to do so in the future. Here take this!" and the old gentleman took a fifty dollar note from a fat wallet and handed it to the discomfited landlord, saying: "Deduct the amount of the young man's bill and return me the change."

The proprietor's apologies were unheeded. He handed the old gentleman $47.50, and again essayed apologies.

When in the street Florence handed his benefactor his professional card and address, adding that he should certainly reimburse him. The old gentleman's indignation quickly passed away, and beginning to smile, he said:

"That's all right, young man; I've been trying to pass that counterfeit bank note all day."

Mother Goose.

Dear old Mother Goose! Which of us has not enjoyed her melodies? It seems she was not a myth, but a real woman, mother of six and stepmother of ten children. She wrote, and no wonder,

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

The Rev. J. M. Manning, of Boston, told the Sundayschool of the Old South Church, on Christmas day, that she had once been a member of that communion. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and she married Mr. Isaac Goose. She lived to be ninety-two years old. One of her daughters married Thomas Fleet, a printer, who lived in Pudding Lane. This gentleman wrote down the rhymes and songs he heard his mother-in-law sing as she stepped briskly to and fro about her work and after a whlie he printed them in a little book which bore this title: "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1716. Price, two coppers."

Mother Goose! Dear old friend! How little you knew how many dimpled faces would laugh over your songs! Blessings on your memory!—*Christian at Work.*

Charity Ball Toilets.

There is apt to be a certain sameness, notwithstanding the variety, in ball toilets, says the New York *Tribune*, reviewing those at the charity ball in that city. Despite what is said of the extravagance of women, the fact is that the majority indulge in evening dress at very uncertain intervals, and try as much as possible to have them of a style and fabric which will not go out of fashion, and that will allow making over. This limits the choice more than can be imagined by those who have had no experience in making "both ends meet." This season, ball costumes may be divided into three classes—the fresh Parisian costumes; the "limited income" dresses, carried over from year to year by persons who cannot afford dressmakers' charges for alteration; and old but handsome toilets combined and altered over in the prevailing fashion. Never in the history of clothes were the difference more marked between the new and the old than now. Puffs and gathers, fullness and drapery, conceal more than charity, but the strict "princesse" style admits of none of these, and not only exacts freshness and richness of fabrics for the stately dress, but newness of trained, lace-trimmed skirts. No princesse dress can be made to fit smoothly over old fashioned cotton skirts, gathered in at the waist; and with new dresses, therefore, ladies have trained underskirts made with deep yokes, and a Spanish flounce attached to a plain gored strip, so as to form a fan-shape at the back, like the dress. These skirts are trimmed with Smyrna insertion and lace, and strictly follow the outline of the dress skirt. This smoothness of outline, only broken by a double plaiting, a row of buttons, a cascade of lace, and ruffled train at the back, distinguishes all the later styles of evening and ball dresses, and separates them unmistakably from those which have done duty during previous seasons.

New toilets have very long trains, but the bodice and sleeves are anything but uniform. Some are made very high, with soft plaitings and inside lace ruffs, in the Elizabethan style. Others are very low—so low as to suggest the corslet and breast-plate more than the bodice, and are destitute of sleeves, a simple band over the shoulder leaving the arm entirely bare. The medium and heart shaped bodices, the demi-long sleeves, and puffed and tied back skirts belong to past modes, and tell as plainly as words of the necessity for retrenchment or economy. Fashion runs to extremes just now, accepts no compromises, no half measures, but insists upon its votaries doing and daring all.

The Spitz Demon.

The vicious and venomous little Spitz has gathered another victim. A few days since, says the New York *Herald*, a little boy, ten years of age, who had been bitten by one of these dangerous household pets two months before, died in the customary terrible agonies of hydrophobia. The same animal before it was killed bit the mother and brother of the little victim and another person, not a member of the family. It is to be sincerely hoped that no bad results may follow in these remaining cases, and it is not believed that any of the parties have occasion for alarm. The sufferings already caused by the sly, spiteful, treacherous little Spitz should gain for him a rope collar with a stone attached, and a bath in the river wherever he may be found. He is not wanted among us any more than the tarantula, the scorpion or the rattlesnake. If people found one of these latter in the streets they would dispose of it on short notice, regardless of whose pet it might be. They should in like manner welcome the wandering little Spitz demon wherever he may be found, with ready hands, to the first available hospitable grave. If people love such pets let them keep them in their own arms. Then if the darlings bite anybody we shall only have fewer simpletons in the world. The popular cry should be "War to the knife on the snapping Spitz."

Foreign Land Owners.

From Mr. John Bright's return of the owners of land in Ireland, we learn that 36,114 people own less than one acre apiece, while 7,089 own from one hundred to five hundred acres; 4,083 own from 1,000 to 2,000 acres; 452 own from 5,000, to 10,000 acres; 185 own from 10,000 to 20,000 acres; ninety own from 20,000 to 50,000 acres; fourteen own from 50,000 to 100,000 acres; and three own 100,000 acres and upward. These figures are strikingly suggestive, but they only illustrate the fact that the soil of Ireland is owned by a comparatively small number of people. In the United Kingdom, London excepted, 852,438 people possess 179,243 acres, which is a fraction over one-fifth of an acre each; but twenty-eight persons own 5,510,581 acres, which is over 116,806 acres each; forty-seven persons own between 50,000 and 100,000 acres, and 169 own from 20,000 to 50,000 each. The people in Ireland who own five hundred acres and upward hold 87.9 per cent of the land, while in Great Britain this class hold 77.3 per cent. of the land. Those who own five hundred acres and upward in the United Kingdom hold 81.7 per cent. of the total area. Four-fifths of the land of the United Kingdom is actually owned by less than 19,246 persons.

A Singular Marquis.

The Marquis of Waterford annoys British railway managers by always riding third-class, as it diminishes their first and second-class travel. One day the marquis appeared at Waterford station and bought a third-class ticket to Dublin. The railway men thought to teach him a lesson, and for that purpose sat a chimney-sweep down beside him in the car, thinking to drive him out. The marquis surveyed his traveling companion for a moment and then started for the ticket office. "Give me a first-class ticket to Dublin," said he. They thought they had him sure, but he simply returned to the third-class car, and making the sweep a present of the ticket escorted him and his brushes to the first-class carriage, and leaving him there returned to his favorite compartment.

DEADLY HOMES IN BRAZIL.

The Experience of Four Thousand German Colonists---Nearly Half of the Number Die within Five Months.

The experience of a party of Germans who went, in the spring of 1874, and settled near the sea coast of Brazil, gives an idea of colonization in that country. Thomas Diller, one of these, tells his story under oath. He says that his and seven other families of Nuremburg signed a contract with a Brazilian agent, agreeing that each member of the party should pay $25 in Prussian money for his passage across the Atlantic, and, after their arrival in Brazil, work for one mil reis (about fifty cents) per day for one year; afterward to receive twenty-five acres of land for each family, for which they were to pay $50 in three years. They were to be kept supplied with provisions at half the regular prices. The agent said that the land was under cultivation, and that block houses would be ready to receive the colonists. They sailed from Antwerp on May 25, 1874, with five hundred other colonists, on the ship Alvinia. They arrived safely at San Salvador, the capital of the province of Bahia, Brazil. Thence they went to the colony called Tierra del Oro, the owner of which is Baron Munis, of Bahia. A larger number of colonists had arrived there two months before. Instead of cultivated land and block houses they found a wilderness filled with snakes, tiger cats, monkeys and parrots. The colonists already there were sick, dejected and living in tents made of vines and leaves. Many had died and all were anxious to get away.

For a week after Diller's party arrived the rain poured steadily. The leaves kept the water from coming in at the top of the tents, but it flowed in under the sides. Their tools, which had been left at Cumandale, arrived after two weeks. They then built more substantial dwellings, using mud instead of leaves; but these huts were damp and unhealthy. Wood became scarce, and, to eke out subsistence, a wild root, of which the Brazilians make flour, was eaten. Many fell sick, and during the first month over three hundred died. Of Diller's party, his own child and two other children died. At the end of the month a steamer from Bahia brought provisions. The meat was bad and the flour poor, and very high prices were asked for both. About this time a third ship load of colonists arrived. The men worked at clearing the woods and making roads. With the exception of a few planters, the surrounding country was uninhabited. A similar colony owned by the same baron, and named Munis after him, was a day's journey off. Several families took their twenty-five acres of hard, woody land and tried to raise potatoes and cnions. The blazing sun allowed the sickly plants to grow to a height of two inches and then dried them up. The myriads of red ants, an inch in length, completed the work of destruction.

Diller's party remained in the colony from July to December, 1874. During that time 1,830 of the 4,000 colonists died. During three months it rained steadily, and in the other two months the heat was intense. They received their one mil reis each a day as agreed upon. In the latter part of December, however, Munis stopped payment. They refused to continue working, and wished to abandon the settlement. Munis would not permit them to go, and brought from Bahia five hundred police officers to prevent departures. Those who tried to escape were driven back or arrested, and imprisoned at Cumandale. The object of the Germans was to get to the German consul at Cumandale and have him relieve them, and the Brazilians were determined to prevent this. One day Petrus Krause of Diller's party attempted, with his family, to pass the lines, and refused to go back when told to. A son, Johan Krause, attacked the guard with a knife, and was shot and instantly killed. In another effort Johan Leipp was killed. Many others were injured. Finally four men reached Julius Meyer, the representative of the German consul at Cumandale. He immediately went to Tierra del Oro and demanded that his countrymen be released. All opposition was at once withdrawn by the Brazilians, and the Germans commenced to go away in parties of thirty and forty at a time. Several hundred remained behind, but subsequently sailed for Europe.

How the Beaver Works.

When a beaver finds a tree which seems suited to his purpose, he stands erect, steadying himself by means of his tail, and cuts a groove around the trunk. This groove he gradually makes deeper and wider until, when the tree is nearly cut off, it has very much the shape of an hour glass. Then he goes round the tree, turns his head on one side, just as you have seen an old wood chopper do, and makes up his mind which way he wants the tree to fall. In a short time he has it down and cut up in pieces a yard or so in length. These pieces are carried to the place where the dam is to be built. The beaver fastens them firmly in the ground and fills around them with small sticks, stones and mud. Perhaps you have heard that the beaver plasters the mud down with his tail, but this is said to be untrue by those who have watched him at his work. He strips off the bark from the wood he cuts, and hides it away at the bottom of the dam, weaving it in and out between the logs to strengthen the foundations. The beaver's dam is sometimes two or three hundred yards long and ten or twelve feet thick. His house or lodge looks very much like a savage's hut, and is built with under ground passages connecting with the water. These are so far below the surface that they cannot be closed with ice, and the beaver can always go out to get his food without being seen from the land.

Their First Difference.

"Before we were married," said he to a friend, "she used to say 'bye-bye' so sweetly when I went down the steps."

"And now what does she say?" asked the friend. "Oh, just the same," exclaimed the man—'buy, buy!'"

"Ah, I see," said the other "she only exercises a little different 'spell' over you."

"If."

If my love had smiled on me
With shining brow and flashing e'e,
I had ta'en her to my heart—
Vow'd for aye the lover's smart;
Praised her tiny, dainty hand!
Swore t' obey her least command!
Yes! this surely had been so
If she'd smiled on me below.
(But she didn't!)

If I lov'd as men have lov'd,
Surely then my fair had proved
Constant, tender, 'witching, fair—
Is her beauty past compare.
If I bore such fire within,
She'd be all my kith and kin;
I'd do what my heart approv'd,
If I lov'd as men have lov'd.
(But I don't!)

Items of Interest.

Bear and forbear—The bear and his hunter.

Be polite, and associates will not notice that you are not handsome.

The question is, did the horseman that scoured the plain put soap in the sand?

Many of the white men in California will not sit at a hotel table with a Chinaman, but will follow him two miles after dark to borrow money of him.

It has been officially decided that the reason why a law book is like a frolicsome ram jumping over a fence, is because they are both boundin' sheep.

A gentleman observed to another that an officer in the army had left his house without paying his rent. "Oh!" exclaimed the other, "you mean the left-tenant."

Moody has found a girl in Chicago, sixteen years old, and ordinarily intelligent, who had never heard the name of Christ except in profanity, and who had no idea who he was.

Some of the scientific papers are again agitating the question: "How far off is the sun?" As long as it is so far away that it calls for five hods of coal a day to run a fire, the question has no particular charm for most men.

A Parisian has been arrested for a novel offense. He stuffed old clothes with straw, etc., filled the pockets with clay, and threw the manikin into the Seine, where it floated and deceived philanthropists and ancient mariners.

A San Francisco lawyer received a wooden jackass as a Christmas gift from his fellow practitioners in the police court, and he says: "I know how hard 'tis to pick out suitable presents, but I almost believe an insult was intended."

An editor out West became martial and was made captain. On parade, instead of "Two paces in front—advance," he unconsciously exclaimed: "Cash—$2 a year in advance." He was court martialed and sentenced to read his own papers.

In the village of Harbottle, Northumberland, England, no child has died during the last twenty years; a farmer and his three shepherds have between them forty-seven children, and during the past thirty years not a death has occurred in their families.

The improvements in long range fire arms have made the bayonet and sabre comparatively innocent playthings. During the Franco-Prussian war only twenty-one men were killed on the German side by the bayonet and lance, and but six in cavalry charges.

"I had nine children to support, and it kept me busy," said Smith to Jones, as they met; "but one of the girls got married. Now I have"—— "Eight?" interrupted Jones. "No; ten—counting the son-in-law," said Smith, with a sigh which might have been heard afar off.

When Dr. James W. Alexander was on his dying bed, some one said: "I hope you are able to say: 'I know in whom I have believed.'" "You do not quote it right," was the reply; "it is: 'I know whom I have believed.' In an hour like this I would not have even a preposition between me and my Saviour."

There are three superior officers in the German army who have served for more than seventy years—the emperor, who received a grade during childhood, Marshal Wrangel, who reckons eighty years of service, and Lieut. Gen. Maliszewski, commanding the invalides, who has served seventy-two years.

A new amusement is in vogue among Mexicans in San Francisco. They wind handkerchiefs tightly around the blades of their knives, leaving a quarter of an inch of the points bare. Then they fight with these weapons, and, although the wounds cannot be deep, they are often numerous and painful.

The number of sheep in Australia at the close of 1875 was 63,845,719, or more than double the number in Great Britain. The cattle were 6,884,527, also a much larger number than the mother country possesses. The horses had increased to a million, and three millions and a half of acres were under cultivation.

A French court has compelled the family of a peasant to pay $68.60 for the absolutely necessary expenses of his funeral. The items were: Three priests, $8; tolling bell, $1.20; draping the altar, $3; litter, $5; cloth for signature table, $2; female mourners, $10; burial fee, eighty cents; coffin, $2; four bearers, $2.40; tapers, $8.20; hearse, $24; "a day's work," $2; total, $68.60.

Directions have been issued by the British admirality for the use of slaked lime for the preservation of those portions of the framework of iron vessels which are constantly exposed to the action of sea water. It is to be placed on the iron frames, and in the water contained in such compartments, bilges and wings as cannot be dried out sufficiently to allow the application of preservative paints.

A child's bed should slope a little from the head to the foot, so that the head may be a little higher than the foot; but never bend the neck to get the head on the pillow. This makes the child round shouldered, cramps the veins and arteries, and interferes with the free circulation of the blood. Even when a child is several years old the pillow should be thin, and made of hair, not feathers.